



VOL. 13.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

NO. 9.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.



For The Child's Paper.

DINAH was a slave mother. When her first baby was born, she did not rejoice over her darling as other mothers do.

"Ben," she said, "dis child a'n't ourn; it may be tuk from us and sold any day."

"Well," said poor Ben, "it may be der Lord's chile, if it a'n't ourn."

Twelve children were born to Dinah, bright, handsome, healthy, frolicksome babies, dear to Dinah's tender and loving heart, and they grew up children that a mother might well be proud of; but she had no part or lot in them. Home with its treasured affections was not for her. As they grew up, one boy and one girl after another were rent from her. Her mistress was often pressed for money; and when she had two or three hundred dollars to pay for the education and accomplishments of her children, the slave-trader would call, and laying down six or eight hundred dollars in gold and bills for Dinah's Lucy or George or Tom, they were sold.

"Selling my chil'en to pay for her chil'en," cried poor Dinah in an agony of spirit.

"What is your gal worth?" asked the trader,

eyeing one of Dinah's beautiful girls of fourteen years.

"Sir," said Dinah bitterly, "she's worth to me what your daughter is worth to you."

But the trader took no account of that. A slave mother's heart, a slave mother's tears, a slave mother's grief had no entry in his calculations. Then her husband's master sold out and moved away. He had lived on a neighboring plantation, and he took Ben with him, and Dinah heard of him no more. "Dere don't no letters go 'tween us," sobbed poor grief-stricken Dinah. "We can't write, and it is as good as being dead; no, no, not so good."

The poor woman hugged her last little one to her bosom, and looking up to the sky, her whole face wore the look of that agonizing prayer of the Saviour, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Ah, thou poor slave mother, God has neither forgotten nor forsaken thee or thy suffering people. Thy wrongs have come up before him. The blood of the poor crieth unto him.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children."

For The Child's Paper.

A MAN CARRYING HIS BED.

There was a spring of water at Jerusalem where, at certain times, when the water bubbled up, sick people were dipped in and cured. One Sabbath Jesus visited the spring. We know he went from no idle curiosity, or to pass away the time. He found there a poor friendless man who had been sick a-bed thirty-eight years. Somebody had brought him to the spring on his bed, and there left him.

"Do you want to get well?" asked the Lord Jesus.

"Sir," said the poor man, "I have nobody to dip me in. When I try to go, somebody else gets in before me." "Arise," said the Lord Jesus, "take up thy bed and walk."

Arise! get up! How could he get up? Yet he tried to, and did. He stood upon his feet. Still, was he strong enough to carry any thing? He tried, and found he was not only well, but strong.

But would the man like to be seen carrying his bed or couch on his back through the streets on Sabbath-day? Would not people laugh at him, and wonder and think it odd? They did so. They

saw him, and talked about it. They asked him what he did that for, for the Jews were very strict about keeping the Sabbath.

"He that cured me bid me to do it," said the man, neither afraid nor ashamed of doing what the Lord Jesus bid him. Was not that the true spirit of obedience? And what courage it gave him.

Quite different is this from the conduct of some, who are afraid to be seen obeying their Saviour. I knew a child who tried to hide the sweet tear of penitence in the Sabbath-school, because she thought the other girls would laugh at her. And I knew a boy afraid to go to prayer-meeting, lest his playmates should call him *serious*. My children, this is a sinful fear. Satan is glad of it. Shake it off quickly. When you hear the Lord Jesus laying his commands upon you, obey *at once*. If your companions think it odd, and try in any way to hinder you, tell them, "Jesus bid me, and I must do as he says." Once having taken that stand, your courage will come, and you will find obedience the way "of pleasantness, of peace."

THE WELL-KEPT PROMISE.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont stood at the garden gate holding by the hand a beloved son, a boy of sixteen. He was leaving home to go to sea. "Edward," she said, "they tell me the great temptation of the sailor's life is to drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never, never drink."

"I gave her the promise," said Edward. "I went the great world over, Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor, my mother's face at the garden gate on the hill-side of Vermont rose up before me; and to-day, at nearly sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

The only safe and manly stand.

"Be not weary in well-doing." 2 THESS. 3:13.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Up and doing while 'tis day;
Do the work the Master gives you,
Do not loiter by the way;
For we all have work before us,
You, dear child, as well as I;
Let us seek to learn our duty,
And perform it cheerfully.

An English gentleman who knew much about the life of criminals in London, tells us that nearly all begin their wicked courses *early in life*, between the ages of eight and sixteen; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty, there were forty-nine chances in his favor, and only one against him, of an honest and honorable life to the end.

Oh, children, *begin right*. When your habits are easily formed, form good habits, for habits are stubborn things: if bad, it is hard to amend them; if good, they will keep you safe.

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up *beautifully*. A child waking up so will never come down stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.



For The Child's Paper.

JANE was four years old. She had four kisses from mamma, four kisses from papa, four kisses from Mary, a set of cups and saucers from grandma, and a new doll from aunt Jane. Was she not happy? I think she was.

Now let us go and *pay tea*," said little Jane. You see she could not talk plain. They went into the garden, she and Mary, and spread the nice new tea-set on a bench, and asked dolly to please come and see them. Dolly came. She set up as prim as a primrose; she looked, but did not say a word. Little Jane and Mary did all the talking. Mamma gave them some cake, and some milk to make "white tea" with. They never spoke a cross word; they never said, "You sha'n't" and "I will;" but they were *kind*. How sweet it is to be kind.

When the table was set, and it was time to eat, "Stop, Mary," said Jane, "stop, please; we must ask a *blessing*." "We need not ask a blessing in *play-tea*, Jane," said Mary. "Yes, we must," said little Jane; "we must ask God's blessing, else God won't 'ove us, and we no more be good, no more be happy."

Little Jane asked a blessing herself, just as she saw her papa do, and her mother when papa was away. They played until almost sundown, as happy as two little birds.

For The Child's Paper.

THE HAPPY FINDER.

George was in the high-school. One day, after he had learned his lessons, he took out his Bible and began to read it. His next neighbor leaned over and asked him if he was "going to be a parson." He did so several days, and the boys laughed and called him "serious." That is one way the devil takes to hinder the young from thinking of their souls. He sets their companions to poke fun at them, and then he tries to make them afraid of it. But it did not make George afraid.

"I am serious," he said. "I feel I have heaven to gain and hell to shun, and I feel anxious about it." The boys looked sober at that, and never said any thing more.

George heard a sermon upon this subject, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and he saw several persons choosing. Stanley Miles chose; Robert Sharon chose; yes, and many others had chosen to serve God. George thought he ought to choose. He wanted to be a Christian; he wanted to find his Saviour.

"How do you feel, George?" asked his minister when he went to the inquiry-meeting. "I feel, sir," said George, "like I'm hunting after something I've lost, and I want, above all things, to find it." George, in fact, was lost. That is the way the Bible speaks of us. It tells us we are lost; and it says the Lord Jesus "came to *save* that which was lost." George was beginning to feel this, and he was seeking that very Saviour; his soul was reaching out after God. And as God promises every soul that seeks *shall* find, George set himself in earnest about finding what his soul needed—a Redeemer from his sins, a Helper to do right.

In reading his Bible, George found this prayer of good king David: "Mine eyes are unto thee, O God my Lord; in thee is my trust: leave not my soul destitute;" and he made it *his* prayer. He liked the words. It spoke for him, he said. George went to the inquiry-meeting, and his minister

prayed with him. His Sabbath-school teacher prayed with him, and his mother prayed with him; but he did not *find*.

Fourth of July came. A party of boys were going to the seaside, and they came and asked George to go with them. His aunt told him to go. His mother said, "Let George do as he thinks best." George thought it was *not* best. "I cannot go, mother," said he, "until I have found God." So he stayed at home. It was a beautiful morning. He got up early and went into the barn. Falling down on his knees, he cried, "Mine eyes are unto thee, O God my Lord; in thee is my trust: leave not my soul destitute." He went down behind the beehouse, and there called upon God. When he drove the cows to pasture, he knelt down on a rock and there called upon God. George felt he could not take No for an answer. Like Jacob of old, he wrestled with God for a blessing. In the forenoon George went to walk alone. When he came home his mother was in the door. "Mother," he said, "mother, every thing looks so *beautiful*. I see God everywhere and in every thing, mother," said he. "I *know* I have found Him;" and a sweet, soft, grateful, happy look spread over his whole face. It was indeed the look of one who had found "the pearl of great price." The next day he said, "Oh, mother, I have got it. I have got forgiveness and love and comfort, and all that my soul needed. If this is religion, why does not everybody try for it? for they that seek *shall* find, and I know it."

What George then found he has never lost. More and more he finds "it better than riches; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD THOUGHT OF DYING.

Hannah was a little Christian child of eleven years. "Is it wrong to want to die?" she asked one day. "Why do you want to die?" asked her teacher. "That I may go and stay with Jesus, and never sin again," answered Hannah.

She often said she should like to be with the Saviour above; and I suppose the Lord Jesus excited this desire in the bosom of this little one, because he was going to take her early to his fold in heaven.

When sickness prevailed, she said to her mother one morning, "This may be my time to go to my dear Saviour." She went as usual to work in the vineyard, but about noon felt quite unwell. They took her into the house. "I feel very sick," she said to a young companion; "shall we not pray together?"

Her friend prayed, and Hannah tried to follow her in prayer. "Bless my dear sister," she said; "take me gently through the dark river;" and that was all little Hannah could say. All that the doctor, or her mother, or her three loving brothers could do they did; but they could not keep her back from Jesus. She sent for her playmates. They came to her bedside quickly, but she could only look on them with eyes of love. By sunrise the next morning Hannah was where she longed to be, with Jesus in heaven. How sweet to think that, in the words of a beautiful hymn,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

For The Child's Paper.

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was sewing over and over the seam of a pillow-case. "All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said a few minutes after. "Oh, my hand is so tired." That was next. And with that she laid

down her work. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and next her eye. Was not Jessie's mother cruel to require her little daughter to sew when she was so sick?

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Now may I go out to play?" she asked in such an altered tone you could hardly believe it was Jessie's. "I must first send for the doctor for you," said her mother. "The doctor for *me*, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as could be. "Certainly," said her mother; "a little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the better. "Oh, mother," said Jessie laughing, "they were *sewing aches*. I am well enough now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. These aches and pains *do* show sickness. They are symptoms of a sad disease—a disease which eats some people up. This disease is called *selfishness*. It makes children cross and fretful and disobliging and troublesome and unhappy; and I am sure it makes those unhappy and sad who have the charge of them.

A LITTLE library of good books, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows.



For The Child's Paper.

"Don't let bubby catch that fly, please," said little Alice; "he'll kill it."

"And I hope he will," cried Miss Jane; "I hate flies." "Do n't you think the world is big enough for us and that fly, Miss Jane?" asked Alice. "It can go out doors and live." "For my part, I do n't know what flies were made for," cried Miss Jane, "unless to pester folks."

A word for flies. In the city did you never see squads of men cleaning the streets, picking up the rubbish and dirt, and carting it off? They do it to get rid of all the foul matter that would cause sickness and death. That is what the flies do. They are scavengers. They clean the air of a great many particles which it would be hurtful for us to breathe. And it is said that the house-fly is such a constant friend of man, that if you find them on a coral reef or a desolate island, it is a sure proof that people have been there or are not far off. The house-fly of Europe is different from ours, which begins to come early in July, and by this time they are as plenty as blackberries. They are lively and sociable little creatures, rather pert and forward sometimes, when I wish they would take up their quarters *out* rather than *in*-doors.

But I cannot despise a fly, since God has put so much wisdom and skill in its poor little body. A fly, you see, has two eyes stuck in its head and not moving round like your eyes. Spiders' eyes are fixed also; but then a spider has *eight*, and therefore can look eight ways, may-be to catch all the flies he covets. What is a poor fly to do, who can only look *one* way? I will tell you. A fly's eye is made up of hundreds of little eyes, which are half balls, and are put to look every way, so

that a fly can look sometimes through one and then the other; and then it has four thousand. I am sure it must be a very observing little creature, and need not be caught by a spider at all.

Then a fly can walk on the wall. Some think it has hooks on its feet; others say it sticks on; and others, that it puts its foot down so that the air holds it on. However that may be, it has a very curious foot.

Flies too are tidy little things. Its hind and fore feet are said to have brushes on them, to comb and clean themselves with. Nor can you look at a fly long without seeing it brushing its head, smoothing down its wings, rubbing its feet, and altogether making its toilet as carefully as any young lady. If God took such pains to make a fly, what must he not expect of us who have minds to understand and hearts to love him?

For The Child's Paper.

THE BOY THAT WAS THROWN INTO A PIT.

Joseph was a dear boy. He was kind and obedient. He loved God, and God loved him. His behavior was so sweet that his father Jacob loved him tenderly, and he gave him one day a beautiful little coat of many colors—red, white, and blue. Joseph's father lived in a tent—not a soldier's tent, but a tent like the Arab's. He owned a great many sheep and cattle, and moved from place to place to find good food for them.

Had Joseph brothers? Yes, ten brothers older, and one younger, a little baby brother. I suppose you think Joseph must have been a great favorite with his grown-up brothers, for I am sure he was always willing to do what they asked him to; but Joseph's father dearly loved him, and that, I am sorry to say, made them envious.

One night Joseph had a strange dream. He dreamed that they were all out in a field of corn, binding large sheaves of grain, and that his brother's sheaves bowed down to his sheaf. The next morning he quite naturally told his dream, which made his brothers very angry. "What," they cried, "do you think we shall bow down to you?" The dream set them against the little fellow more than ever. They really hated him. That is the worst of envy, it leads to hate; and hate, Oh what terrible things hate will do.

The feed round the tent being pretty much gone, the young men drove their flocks some way off for fresh grass. Joseph stayed at home. At last Jacob, wanting to know how his sons and the cattle were getting along, told Joseph to go and find his brothers, and come back and tell him how they were. The lad, I suppose, was much delighted with the errand. He did not want any body to go with him; so he put on his little coat, bade his dear father good-bye, and set off with a light and happy heart. But it was not so easy finding his brothers as he expected. At last he met a man, and the man seeing a boy wandering round alone, asked him what he was after. Joseph told him; and the man happening to know, showed him which way to go.

The brothers spied him coming over the hills, running, I dare say, so glad to find them after all his pains. But what do you think they said? Were they glad too? Here comes this dreamer. Let us kill him, and tell father the wild beasts have eaten him up. That is what these wicked men said. Therefore when Joseph came bounding up, full of love and kindness, they seized him as a pack of fierce wolves would have seized an innocent lamb.

Reuben, a little kinder than the others, begged them not to kill him, but instead of that, to throw him into a deep pit; perhaps intending, when the rest were gone, to take him out and carry him home. The wicked brothers fell in with Reuben's plan. As they pulled off his coat, how frightened the little fellow must have been, and how hard he begged them to have pity on him. But people that hate show no pity. So they threw him into the dark pit, where he lay hungry, thirsty, naked. Poor child! The wicked brothers then went to eating their dinner as if nothing had happened.

While they were eating, they looked up and saw a caravan coming. A caravan, you know, is a great number of merchants travelling together on

camels. "Oh," said Judah, one of the brothers, "let us sell Joseph to these merchants." Sell their own brother! trade in human flesh! Just think of it. What will not people do for money?

The caravan came up, and they asked the merchants if they would like to buy a young boy. "Yes," they said. A bargain was struck, and Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. When the brothers came to pull Joseph out of the pit, I suppose he felt very, very glad, thinking they were sorry. But no, he soon found it was not kindness, but to get money, for the men and the camels were at the mouth of the pit waiting for him; and they took Joseph and carried him off, where the poor child knew not, but far, far away, to be a slave in a strange land.

Had God forgotten or overlooked poor Joseph? Was not his ear opened to his piteous cry? God sometimes does not seem to mind, but he does. Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. And now what did the brothers do? They had to make up a story to tell their father; for when folks do wrong, they have to lie to hide it. So they killed a goat, and dipped their brother's little coat in the blood; and when they got home, they showed it to their father, asking, "Is not this Joseph's coat which we have found covered with blood?" Jacob knew it. "Oh," he said, "a bear or a lion has torn my son Joseph to pieces;" and the old man's heart was almost broken. His sons tried to comfort him, but they could not. How do you suppose they felt? Do you think their money did them any good? Ah, they could never, never be happy with such a load on their consciences, never, never. The wicked cannot be happy. Children may try to hide their faults by telling a lie; but God knows, and he writes all their wickedness in a book.



For The Child's Paper.

"I CANNOT."

As I passed a company of rude boys in the street last Sabbath, I heard one cry out, "Frank, come with me. What if to-day is Sunday? it won't hurt you to go once." "I cannot," answered Frank Lane.

"Well," said Joe, "I will get Sam Johnson, he will go; he a'n't so awful 'fraid."

That night, as I was returning from church, I heard that Sam Johnson was dead—was drowned while fishing with Joe Thomson. Frank Lane thanked God as he had never done before, that he had learned to say, "I cannot."

E. S. N.

For The Child's Paper.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

Only a baby's grave!
Some foot or two at most
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small
That they sit there and sing; so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all.

Only a baby's grave!
Strange how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space.
Oh, more strange could we forget.

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure our grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead.
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come to sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it.

For The Child's Paper.

GRANDPA.

Robert and Helen were glad when August came, for that was the month to go and see grandpa. Grandpa lived on a farm. They could go out alone, and their play-room was all out-doors. Mother was not afraid to let them run and take care of themselves.

Grandpa had two cows, Star and Whitefoot. He had a white cat and a brown dog. On one side of the house was a big pasture. Every morning after milking, grandpa opened the great gate and let Star and Whitefoot in. They liked the other side of the pasture best, for there was a spring of water to drink from when they were dry; so we see nothing of the cows all day.

"Grandpa, may we go and drive the cows home when it is time?" asked Robert. "They know when to come home," said grandpa; "they don't have to be told." "Cows don't know," cried Robert. "We'll see," said grandpa. Robert and Helen thought they would see. Towards night, sure enough, they saw Whitefoot's horns, and Star not far behind. Step by step, nibbling the grass as they went, on they came; and long before sundown they were at the gate. Grandpa opened it. "How did you know, dear Moolly?" cried Helen, patting Whitefoot's warm side as she walked up to the milkmaid.

"I see the sheep in sight," cried Robert.

"And I see the geese," cried Helen. "Shall we open the gate for them?" "No," said grandpa; "they have no milk to give us, but they like to come and sleep near the house."

The sheep were pretty well up to the gate when a great goose ran towards a sheep with her neck out, as much as to say, "Be off."

The sheep turned and trotted away, the rest after it. Seeing the coast clear, the geese waddled up to the gate and settled down. But the sheep had no thought of giving up so easily. Two of them faced about and drove the geese off. The rest marched up and took the ground. The old geese did not like that at all. After cackling the matter over among themselves, back they came in a body with necks out, showing fight enough to set the poor

sheep scampering again. How the children laughed. It was droll to see each party bent upon taking its quarters at the pasture-gate. The children watched their movements from the chamber window until long after bed-time.

"What makes them do so?" asked Helen.

"Because the poor dumb creatures want protection," said mother; "just as we, when we go to bed, need the protection of God."

"And want to get close to him," said Helen.

"And, Helen," said Robert, after thinking, "don't it tell us to keep near God's heavenly gate; so when he comes, he will find us and let us in?"



For The Child's Paper.

MARY'S INVITATION TO THE ROBINS.

Welcome, welcome, little robins,
How I love your songs to hear;
Every morning your soft music
Sweetly falls upon my ear.

Come, you timid little songsters,
Come, and build your happy nest
In our green and lovely pear-tree;
Here your young may safely rest.

Perhaps you know I have two brothers;
But they're very kind and true:
They will never touch your birdlings;
They have better work to do.

One is very tall and manly,
But from him you've naught to fear;
For I heard him say this morning
That he loves your songs to hear.

You may think my younger brother
Is such a boy as Thomas Brown:
He, I know, once stole your birdlings,
And your pretty nest threw down.

But I talked with him this morning,
And he says he'll be your friend:
Then make our tree your happy dwelling;
Its leaves a pleasant shade will lend.

Have you seen my only sister?
She's as gentle as a dove:
She loves birds and flowers and brooklets;
Her kind heart is full of love.

As for dear papa, Miss Redbreast,
Everybody says he's good;
And I'm sure you'll love him dearly,
You and all your little brood.

And my dear mamma was saying
That you are very useful too;
And she sometimes calls me birdie;
So of course she'll care for you.

Every morn, when I first waken,
I will lift my heart in prayer;
I from you have learned a lesson,
To trust my heavenly Father's care.

PREBLE, Cortland Co., N. Y.

For The Child's Paper.

NEVER GET INTO DEBT.

Not many years ago, a young man came in town to finish his studies at the office of one of our best lawyers. He was well educated, intelligent, agreeable, and kind; but he was poor, and in order to support himself tried to get a class in French. A few scholars came, and the thing did not pay. After a while he paid his landlady, left his boarding-house, and took to the woods. On the side of a hill, in a thick pine grove, he pitched his tent, where he cooked his food, ate, slept, and studied. Of course his strange conduct made a great deal of talk. One morning, after a terrible thunder-storm during the night, his friends hunted him up:

"You'll be sick of your bargain after this," they said, "and be glad enough to have a water-proof roof over your head."

"I did not take to the woods from choice," answered the young man. "I could not see my way clear to pay for lodgings, and I am resolved never to be in debt. I know too well the danger of being in debt—my scanty income will carry me through the summer, when I hope better times are coming."

Gentlemen offered to aid him, but he sturdily refused their offers, got through his studies, and

has now a large business, which handsomely supports him.

Was not that pluck? And did he not well think that the danger of being in debt is a serious danger? I wish more people thought so. Getting loose in money matters is often the beginning of ruin. When a boy or a young man falls into the habit of borrowing money, spending freely, having things charged, neglecting to pay, dodging his creditors, promising to pay and not keeping his promise, he is in a bad way. He forgets, lies, loses his self-respect, and is slowly but surely letting himself down, down, down. The history of many a man shows how far down it may be, even to robbery and murder. Two of the worst murders ever committed in Boston were done by respectable men to *hide their debts*. One killed his intimate friend because he could not pay a debt which he was owing him. The other, a young man, shot in cold blood in broad day a young associate, that he might rob the bank he was in of a few thousands to pay his debts with. Both did their work coolly, and apparently without any twinges of conscience.

Both were above all suspicion. They had borne a character fair to the world; but there was a weak spot, a screw loose, a canker at the core. They were *loose in their money matters*. Debts were dogging at their heels. They had lost their uprightness; and having lost *that*, the devil can tempt a soul to any thing.

CHILDREN'S CONSECRATED GIFTS.

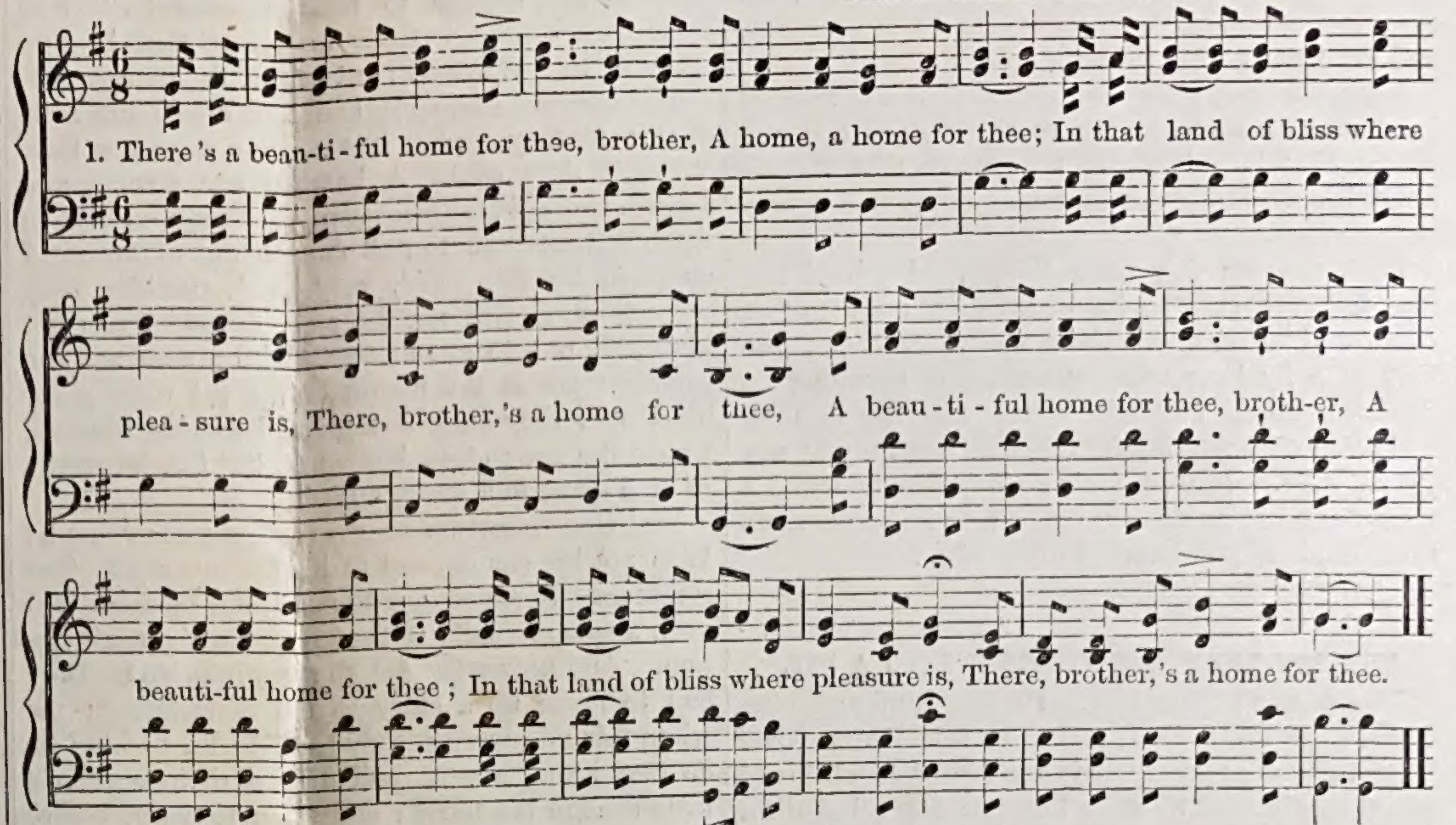
A friend in Illinois sends two gold dollars and forty cents, which realized three dollars and eighty cents, the posthumous offering of a little girl who, we trust, has now been two years in heaven. The spring before she died she had a pet hen, half of whose chickens she intended for God, and this is the proceeds of the consecrated half. It was her purpose to provide The Child's Paper for some mission-school with the proceeds of the first brood of pet chickens.

"She felt a great interest in the conversion of children. One day when she came home from school, she said, 'Oh, ma, do you think I shall ever be strong enough to be a missionary? I feel like going out among the people, and laboring all the time for God. If I live to be grown, I will spend all my time for the conversion of children.' She went to her rest before she was ten years old, but by her gift she yet speaketh."

A friend in Massachusetts sends a dollar "to aid in giving The Child's Paper to the destitute. It

A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR THEE, BROTHER.

From the MORNING STAR, by leave of A. J. ABBEY.



2. There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In those mansions above, where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.
A beautiful rest for thee, etc.

3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A crown, a crown for thee;
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.
A beautiful crown for thee, etc.

4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.
A glorious robe for thee, etc.

5. Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?
A beautiful home for thee, etc.

would have belonged to an only son, had not the dear Saviour come and taken him to himself. He dearly prized The Child's Paper, and wished that all others might possess and prize it too."

A Sunday-school superintendent in Ohio writes, "Enclosed you will find fifty cents, which Master Sammy W— has placed in my hands to be sent 'to the place where it will do the most good.' I do not know where it can be better expended than in furnishing reading for the soldiers. He earned it himself."

"DEAR father, do not cease to pray for me and for our soldiers. I feel your prayers every day," wrote a brave boy home.

Oh let us pray *without ceasing* for the noble men who are fighting, toiling, suffering, laying down their lives for the land and the principles so dear to us all.

The enhanced cost of materials and labor have made it necessary to raise the terms of The Child's Paper, as below.

NEW CHEAP POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER.

The same to all parts of the United States.

In all cases payable in advance, quarterly or yearly, at the office where received.

In packages to one address, not weighing over four ounces, one cent, or three cents a quarter; over four ounces, and not over eight ounces, double this rate, and so on.

As The Child's Paper weighs about half an ounce, the postage from ten to fifteen copies, weighing not over eight ounces, is six cents a quarter, or twenty-four cents a year; from sixteen to thirty copies, double this rate, and so on.

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Payable in advance, in packages of not less than ten copies.

Ten copies monthly for a year to one address, \$1 00

Fifty copies " " " 5 00

One hundred copies " " " 10 00

Any number exceeding one hundred, at the same rate.

No subscription received for less than ten copies for one year. Each volume begins with January.

ORDERS FOR THE PAPER, and business communications may be addressed to "THE CHILD'S PAPER, 150 Nassau-street, New York." Orders for the paper to be sent from Boston, may be addressed to N. P. Kemp, 40 Cornhill.

Articles for insertion may be addressed to "Editors of The Child's Paper," or to Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, Secretary of the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau-street, New York.

CANADA EAST AND WEST

Supplied from Rochester, by O. D. Grosvenor, Agent, 75 State-street. TERMS, free of United States postage, eight copies at \$1 00; twenty-eight, at \$3; fifty, at \$5; one hundred, at \$9.

CANADA POSTAGE.—By the Canada law of 1857, The Child's Paper is a *periodical*, and being posted by a Canadian news-vender, the postage to subscribers, payable where received, is only a halfpenny per sheet, (four papers being printed on one sheet and sent undivided,) or two and a half cents per copy per year.

No subscription received for less than eight copies for one year, beginning with January or July.